

# How the Great Murder Mystery Was Unraveled.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN.

The first was that of a plain, every day murder, and the second the prank of some medical student. As events in connection with the finding of the body multiplied into tremendous proportions, the Journal took all facts as they were gathered, and grouped them, classified them and dissected the possibilities of each with the utmost care.

Nothing was overlooked, no clew was too meagre. Everything was sifted down to the finest detail. Here is the story from first to last. It will afford diversion for some, instruction for all.

It was Saturday afternoon. The clock in the Journal city room pointed to the hour of 3. The city editor sat in his sanctum reading the papers. The assistant city editor sat at his desk reading the enormous mass of "filmy" provided by the city news associations.

Suddenly he rose and went into the city editor's room with a sheet of the "filmy" in his hand.

"This looks like a very important story," said he; "the shoulders and part of the trunk of a dead man were found this afternoon floating in the East River off Eleventh street."

"Does it look like a murder?" asked the city editor.

## May Be a Murder.

"It may be. The police are firmly convinced that it is a medical student's joke. The package was hardly wet when it was found. I'm inclined to think it's a murder."

"It looks like an extraordinary case," said the city editor after reading the "filmy." "Send one of our best men to the Morgue."

Reporter Mumford was the man. Tall and blond and shrewd is Mumford. For two hours that afternoon he worked on the case, thoroughly inspecting the awful fragment, talking with those who found it and forming in his own mind a logical idea as to how the man met his death.

At six o'clock he returned to the Journal office. "Well," asked the city editor; "What do you think about it?"

"It is murder, awful murder, beyond question."

"Might it not be the work of medical students?"

"No; I do not think so. They would never have wrapped a package like that."

Mumford's report of the finding of the package in the river, in last Sunday's Journal, opened with these words:

"The dismembered body of a man was found floating in the East River yesterday. The man was murdered."

Also: "Medical students never throw this body into the river. There are thousands of easier ways for a medical student to dispose of a body, if it were obtained surreptitiously, than by carefully wrapping it up and throwing it in the East River."

"Where was this crime committed? What were its surroundings, its associations?"

The Journal also printed a picture of the light tawdy olecloth in which the body was wrapped.

In the light of subsequent events, note the shrewdness of Mumford's conjectures. The murder, as it then stood, would have formed merely a mild two-day sensation. There would have been a hasty burial, and a quick forgetting.

## Another Fragment Found.

On the following afternoon (Sunday) there came a quick ring at the Journal telephone. It was answered by an office boy, who conveyed the following information to the City Editor:

"Another piece of the man has been found in the woods north of Washington Bridge. It is being taken to the morgue."

The City Editor almost without raising his eyes from his papers said:

"Call up the morgue on the phone quick, and ask for Mr. Mumford. Let me know when you've got him."

A few minutes later Mumford was apprised of the new find. "Wait there till it comes in, and see if it fits," was the order.

That was all. It was amply sufficient and to a trained reporter it meant volumes.

Up at the morgue Mumford waited the arrival of the second grisly package. It came in an ambulance and was taken into the deadhouse, followed by detectives, reporters and physicians.

All about the slab there was a circle of peering eyes. All was forgotten but the climax close at hand.

The awful object was heaved beef-like on the slab and jammed close against that other awful object. The circle of peering eyes bent closer over the two.

They stared like hand and glove. The haggard fragments of the murdered man were coming together, as if moved by some intelligence, to help point out the murderer.

Again at the Journal office. Another ring at the phone. This time it was Mumford. "Same body, same olecloth around it, same murder," was what he reported.

## Following the Thread.

The city editor realized in an instant the importance of it all. He sent artists up for the picture end of the story and assigned Reporters Kemble and Lloyd to work up the mysterious "3220" brand of red olecloth.

Even at that early hour the olecloth was recognized as the only tangible clew on which to work. Yet there were other important ends to be covered. All the other newspapers were working the murder field with more or less energy on their own line and clews.

Reporter Shackleton was assigned to watch the Morgue. Why? Simply because it is the gloomy magnet to which drift the unknown dead. And Reporter McManus's aim was indispensable in this emergency. His billet, month in and out, is the Morgue and Bellevue. He knows the ins and outs of that grim and most important ball-wick, as does no other newspaper man in New York. Now his hour of supreme usefulness was here.

Other newspapers had representatives there, and there was no chance of anything excepting them. Reporters Verdu, Gills, Fulton and Stevenson were set to work tracing up the "missing list" of the police, a most important assignment in this case.

On Sunday evening, when the reporters drifted in, hot, tired and dusty, each had a story to tell, a theory to propound, but no elucidation of the mystery. One told a story of olecloths, another a story of burials and wrapping. A third told about a missing man, a fourth spoke learnedly of similarities in moles and warts.

Small things to bother one's head about? Not at all. The city editor listened patiently—nay, even eagerly—to each and every one. From this man's story he jotted down an idea, from that one a thread to be followed later on. Nothing was overlooked.

For the first time in all the history of crime a newspaper—the Journal—had printed in colors a cut of the only clew to the mystery, a piece of the olecloth. No such a thing had ever before been attempted, and this newspaper was the only one, perhaps, in the world capable of doing such a thing.

## Many False Conjectures.

There was a vast mass of speculation and of vain conjecture, out of which only two facts stood boldly and incontrovertibly.

One was that a horrible murder had been committed, the other that both the identity of the dead man and his murderer were shrouded in utter darkness.

Such was the condition of affairs on Sunday night.

## CHAPTER II.

### Following the Clews.

ON Monday morning the case had assumed such important and puzzling aspects that the managing editor took the personal direction of the work: It was then seen to be a case which might pass into history as an unsolved mystery. It was determined to put the full force of the Journal's powerful machinery into motion, and the whole resources of the paper were called into action.

At 11:30 o'clock in the morning a council was called, at which was outlined the plan of campaign which on the following day resulted in the unravelling of the mystery.

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There were present at this council the managing editor, the city editor, Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, and thirty reporters of the Journal's city staff.

Photographs of the dead man's hands were spread out on the managing editor's desk. There were maps of the river, charts of the tides, the eddies, the bridges and various other things bearing on the case.

The first thing was to establish the man's station in life. Was he a laborer, a man of leisure, a man of the slums, or of the upper crust of society? This was a very important point to establish.

Mr. Hawthorne examined the hands attentively. "To my mind," said he, "they are the hands of a strong man and of a man of strong passions. Still, he was not a man of deep sensibilities. The hands of a mechanic, perhaps, but not those of a common laborer."

## Was He a Sailor?

"The man strikes me as having been a sailor," said Mumford. "See his broad thumbs and the big knuckles on them. Might they not have been flattened against a ship's ropes?"

And so they reasoned.

"After all," said the managing editor, "it is not what he was, but who he was and where the murder was committed that we are after."

"It strikes me," said the city editor, "that the murder was committed somewhere on Long Island. A wagon containing the bundles could have been driven across one of the ferries and one of the bundles dropped overboard. Then the murderer could have taken the other up to Ogden's Woods, where it was found."

"Your theory, then, presupposes a wagon. But why Long Island, and why a wagon? Could not the tide have carried the first bundle down from Washington bridge to Eleventh street? At the same time, where all is guesswork, one good theory stands for about as much as another. Not a chance must be overlooked."

After an hour's thoughtful discussion the full plans for the day's work of the city staff were determined, and the assignments were made to the reporters. It was decided to test the tide currents of the Harlem River and to ascertain whether a package thrown into the water at Washington Bridge would find its way down to the Eleventh street dock. If this could be demonstrated it was the logical conclusion that the missing head might have been thrown into the Harlem River near the spot where the dismembered trunk was found, by the roadside. And the whole thing to do, therefore, was to drag the river for the missing head.

The Journal had this done at once.

## How a Story Can Be Covered.

The following assignments were given out by the city editor:

Reporters Mumford, Krotel and Speed—Main story of the day.

Reporters Gills, McDevitt, Stevenson, Arnold, Fulton and Verdu—List of persons mysteriously missing.

Reporter Shackleton—Happenings at the Morgue.

Reporters Green and Piper—Detailed to look up pedlars who might have sold the olecloth.

Reporters Lloyd, Davis and Kemble—Investigating stores selling the olecloth.

Reporters Sill and Bornn—Detailed to hire steam launch and men to drag the Harlem River.

Reporter Robinson—Detailed to procure services of an eminent psychometrist for tests.

Reporter Meeker—Detailed to procure services of noted palmists to read the dead man's hands.

Reporter Miller—Detailed to secure surgeon to build up dead man for estimates as to height and general build.

Reporter Reilly—To see noted physician for authoritative statement as to the wounds on the body.

Reporter Fanning—To see ex-Superintendent Byrnes for theory as to murder.

## An Army of Reporters.

As each man or squad of men were assigned to their various duties there was a hustle for bits of note paper and an immediate exodus. North, south, east, west, over the cuckoo's nest, to Brooklyn, to Greenpoint, Long Island City and Hoboken went the men, not a laggard among them.

Then for a brief period the Journal office was practically deserted and the city editor attended to other business than that of mysteries.

A few hours afterward the reporters of the Journal had practically decided just what kind of a man they were looking for. They had determined his complexion, height, weight and general appearance from the head down.

In the Journal office the telephone bell began to ring intermittently. Reports, explanations, theories. The afternoon wore away. Nothing definite. Mystery as dark as ever.

At the same time the reporters, working now in unison and with a great purpose in view, had established many important things.

They had found the manufacturers of the olecloth. From this firm they had gone to the general discharging agents who had given them every sale of the peculiar red cloth for the past year. The list led, like the threads of a spider web, in all directions. Wrapped up in it there were Germans, French and Italians.

This portion of the work was parcelled off by the reporters. Some went to Brooklyn, some to New Jersey, some to Long Island City and adjacent villages. Every thread was traced to its extremity and with a definite purpose.

They discovered, by canvass of all the dealers in olecloth in the city and its vicinity, the one jobber who distributed this particular olecloth, with the rough edge, and secured from his books the name and address of every pedlar and storekeeper to whom even a single roll of it had been sold. This ultimately led to the fixing of the sale of the olecloth to Mrs. Naeck by Mrs. Elger in Astoria.

The facts as they were brought to light were reported to the editors in charge and by them duly digested and debated upon. Orders were sent post haste in all directions. Here a man following a vain clew was ordered to another field. There, the work of some reporter was facilitated by a timely bit of telephone information.

ceaselessly, tirelessly, the work went on.

## Dredging the Harlem.

Toward evening several of the men came in and another editorial council was held.

In the meantime Reporters Sill and Bornn were proceeding with their work of dredging the Harlem River. After much difficulty they had succeeded in hiring a steam launch and a crew of four men.

At 11 o'clock, in the darkness of the upper Harlem, the launch was dredging a huge grappling net to and fro. Tedious work it was, too. Every cast was made with infinite difficulty in the darkness.

The lanterns dared wildly, the workmen heaved and tugged, and, leaning over the stern of the launch in the black darkness, the two Journal men watched every haul with the minutest care.

The head of the dead man, or the feet, they did not care which.

Long since they had thrown their tossing buoys overboard, and these were now bobbing away on the ebb tide.

Over in New Jersey several Journal reporters had been assigned to look for missing men. They did their work thoroughly.

In Ogden's Woods and all the surrounding territory every gully and crevice and clump of bushes in which the other parts of the body might have been hidden were searched. Journal reporters were in Astoria hobnobbing with sirrnce men. Others were in the fan-tan dens of Chinatown, in the heart of Forsyth, Rivington and Delancey streets.

## Right Clew at Last.

At 1 o'clock in the morning George Arnold, a Journal reporter, who had been looking up missing men, had but one more errand to turn to exhaust all his trumps.

"Now," argued Arnold to himself, "I'll see about this one forlorn clew and then I'll go to bed."

In the natural course of his hard and conscientious work he had unearthed another mysteriously missing man. It was this one whom he was now going to see

about.

The movements of every reporter during the day had been directed by the wise intelligence of the Journal office. But intelligence, however wise, sometimes forgets a reporter's fatigue and appetite. Hence Arnold was tired.

A man was missing from a Turkish bath—the Murray Hill Baths, on Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street. So far no rumor had slipped through the meshes of the Journal net without investigation.

Nether did this one. Arnold went into the establishment, and while negotiating for a bath he spoke indirectly of the mysterious dead man at the Morgue. "It may be one of the rubbers here," said an attendant. "William" disappeared on Friday and nothing has been heard of him since." Other attendants gathered around, and there was a general discussion.

Tattoo mark? Oh, yes; there was the picture of a woman on William's breast. Scar on his finger? Yes; caused by a felon. They had seen him naked and ought to know him. The finger had been lanced by Dr. Cosby. Stature, complexion, build, weight, everything fitted the fragments at the Morgue to a nicety. His name? William Goldensuppe.

All thoughts of weariness or a bath went out of Arnold's head. Off he rushed to a telephone in haste. In his opinion the identity of the murdered man had been discovered.

## CHAPTER III.

### The Mystery Solved.

A NEWSPAPER office at 1 o'clock in the night is not a thing of beauty. It is full of litter and tired reporters and the click of typewriting machines. It is a conglomerate nightmare.

The Journal office was no exception to this rule at 1 o'clock on Tuesday morning. All the reporters had written their copy, and editors were busy writing the headlines.

A ring at the telephone bell. A sleepy office boy answers it. "Mr. Arnold wants to speak to the night city editor," he reports. The night city editor answers the call.

Over the phone comes the small voice of Arnold: "I am almost certain I have nailed the man." Then followed a brief and pointed conversation. Hasty orders were given to Arnold to go back to the baths and stay there until reinforcements should arrive.

By the time they arrived Arnold had learned from the rubbers that William had quarrelled with his mistress, Mrs. Naeck, the midwife, and that he had a rival who had tried to shoot him at her flat.

Where was that flat?

He learned that, too. He went there. It was 1:30 o'clock in the morning. He rang the bell. The woman thought it was a professional call, and let him in.

Arnold saw that the flat was in perfect order, as if she intended to live there all her life.

"Where's William?"

She didn't know. Before Arnold left her she said she didn't care. He was false to her. She really did not know how important that statement was.

Her plain animosity toward William Goldensuppe, her confirmation of the fact that he was missing proved how vastly important it was to take to the Morgue some of those with whom Goldensuppe daily associated. Who else but the other rubbers in the bath, who knew him from top to toe?

The superintendent and five rubbers were taken to the Morgue at daybreak. Never was made a more positive identification than that of Goldensuppe's body.

This man, murdered, chopped to pieces, had been Mrs. Naeck's lover. She must not be lost sight of. Arnold returned to her flat at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning.

To his intense surprise, to his gratification, his suspicions, dark as they had been, were confirmed. The flat was being dismantled. The woman was preparing for flight.

How to get into the flat? How to get pictures of the woman and her surroundings?

Miss Kaufman and Artist Goudle appeared as a young married couple, and pretended to be in search of a flat. Mrs. Naeck readily received them. She talked freely about her purposes, and with every breath told a different tale.

Goudle's pictures, of course, were absolutely accurate and truthful.

Plainly it was necessary to watch Mrs. Naeck. Reporters McGuire and Speed were posted unobtrusively where they could see the house.

As was his duty, the Journal, through its city editor, acquainted Chief of Police Conlin of the facts in his possession.

Detectives Sam Price and Donohue accompanied their informants over the ground, and verified all the facts which had been put in their hands.

Like sensible men that they are, the detectives waited for the Journal Wednesday morning, in which the great exclusive story of the identification was told. Armed with this paper, they went to Mrs. Naeck's flat at daybreak, and with its narrative as a text, closely cross-examined her.

It was a tragic scene. The reporters who took part in it will never forget it. Her evasive answers justified her detention, at least, so the detectives took her to headquarters.

## Then for the Men in the Case.

Who was the man in the case?

The jealous husband. He had threatened the rubber's life. Reporter Reilly learned that Naeck drove for an Astoria baker, and his route. Reporters McDevitt and Piper awaited him on Wednesday morning, and arrested him after a fight. He told a straight story to the police. The reporters helped him prove his innocence, by verifying it. Thus was he eliminated from the case. The problem was easier.

But such a foul crime could not have been done by the woman alone. Who was her accomplice? The bath house people had told of a mysterious lover, who "boarded" at Mrs. Naeck's. She called him "Fred." He was so known.

In the search for Fred Reporter Krotel found Anton Burgholzer, waiter. He well knew "Fred."

He was not "Fred" at all. He was Martin Thorn, a desperate man, Goldensuppe's rival. Pursuing his careful investigations, Krotel discovered that this man had armed himself with knife and pistol, had learned the art of chloroforming, and carried a pill of poison. He had threatened the "rubber," who had once thrashed him.

This Thorn's movements were traced, up to last Tuesday night, when he called Mrs. Naeck out of a Sixth avenue restaurant to meet him.

He had been on a long drive with her Saturday afternoon. Reporter Davis learned that learned that Mrs. Naeck rented a surrey from an undertaker in Tenth avenue; learned that the faded horse and mud-smeared wagon were returned long after midnight.

It was during that drive, beyond a doubt, that the second part of Goldensuppe's body was dumped at the roadside in Ogden's Woods.

Half a dozen earnest reporters got an accurate description of this man. There was track of him here, there, everywhere. Only the cool, determined silence of the woman saved him from arrest. And she was silent only for her own sake.

Then the clinching of the woman's lies. That was a giant's labor. She pretended to be jealous of Mrs. Cunningham. Reporters Speed and Maguire proved that Goldensuppe had never seen Mrs. Cunningham save in Mrs. Naeck's presence. There was a telegram she said she had received from Goldensuppe on Sunday. Reporter Arnold proved that it was forged.

There was a lie about \$50, which she said she had drawn from the Franklin Savings Bank and given to William to be well rid of him. Reporter Howard proved that she closed her account there in 1895.

She fled to Acting Inspector O'Brien when she told him that she visited Long Island only to weep at her baby's grave. Reporter Davis proved that she drove all around College Point June 13, with Goldensuppe. She was fooling him with a story that they would start a baby farm there. Really she was planning his death.

It is interesting, but not important, to note that all these findings of the Journal were verified to the minutest particular by the persons summoned to Police Headquarters by the Chief of Police. Having told the truth to the Journal they repeated it to O'Brien.